



PISA'S LEANING TOWER.

LEANING TOWER.

OUR picture to-day gives us a pretty clear idea of the famous leaning tower of Pisa in Italy, and also of a great baptistery near by. This tower was begun in 1174, but whether it was built leaning as it now stands, just for an architectural curiosity, or whether the unequal settling of the foundation caused it to incline to one side is not known. It was most likely built in its present position, as the top part is said to be constructed of very porous and light sort of stone. It is 179 feet high and leans about thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. The purpose for which this famous tower was built is not known, but it is now preserved solely as an object of curiosity.

A GOOD PLAN.

Two boys were going down the street of a little village one hot, dusty day. "I'm very dry," said one of them, as he wiped the sweat from his face, "and I'm tired too. Ain't you, Robert?" "Yes, I am," answered Robert. "Let us stop somewhere and rest and get a drink." "I am favourable to that plan," said the other lad. "Here's a cool-looking place; let's go in." The place he referred to was a saloon. On the windows were painted in gilt letters, "Liquors and cigars. Come in." "No," said Robert shaking his head, "I won't go in there. Let's go on farther." "But why not stop here?" asked the other lad. "The place looks pleasant—more so than any other place I can see." "Yes, it looks pleasant enough," said Robert; "but it's a saloon. They sell liquor there." "What of that?" asked the other. "We're not obliged to drink any of it if we go in, are we?" "Well, no," answered Robert; "but I don't like getting into the habit of lounging about such places. There seems to be something about them that fascinates a fellow. I've watched the men who go in there, I've heard them talk about it. They say they know they ought not to hang about the saloons, but if they stop to-day, to-morrow they want to go again, and something seems to draw them there in spite of their judgment. They don't visit a saloon very often before they get to smoking and drinking and playing cards, and the first they know they are neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down all the way, and from what I've seen of this drink business it seems to me it's just as it is with us when we run down a hill: we get to going faster and faster, and we can't stop still till we reach the bottom; it seems as if we were obliged to keep on going when we get fairly under motion. It's just so with most men who get into the

habit of drinking; when they get started they can't stop till they get to the bottom. I don't want to get started; I don't want to put myself in the way of being tempted to start; so I think best to keep out of the saloon. As long as I keep away I'm safe." "You're right," said the other. "I didn't think of that. I don't want to be a drunkard any more than you do, and I'll shake hands in keeping out of the starting place of drunkards if you will." And they shook hands on this good resolution, and I hope they will always adhere to it.—*Temperance Banner.*

COMRADES.

BY WILLIAM S. M'LEAN.

WHERE is the boy or girl who does not love to sit and listen to stories about Indians? So if you will just listen for a while, I will tell you a story about two Indian boys.

It was one fine summer's morning, on the banks of the Belly River, about three years ago. The river being very low, two Indian lads began to cross to the other side, to get some firewood. On reaching the other side,

they began to gather their firewood, thinking not of the moments that were so swiftly passing by. After they had gathered enough wood they began to return. By this time the river had swollen to the edge of the bank. As evening was fast approaching, they began to think how to get across. At last, the eldest lad, taking his companion by the arm, plunged into the stream, using all their strength against the heavy current, but the elder lad's strength at last began to fail in his efforts to try and save his comrade. He then entreated his young companion to try and save himself, but the youth would not go.

Down the stream they drifted. The youngest lad, stretching out his hand, caught a passing log; the elder lad, being too feeble to make any exertion to catch the log, was carried away by the heavy current. The youth on the log worked like a hero, to steer in the path of his comrade. At last his efforts were rewarded with success. Then, by the help of those who were watching from the banks, they were safely landed. Once more enjoying the comforts of their Indian home, and ever proving to each other true and devoted friends.

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1706-1600.] LESSON VII. [May 13.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Exod. 1. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Psalm 124. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. Small Beginnings, v. 1-5.
2. Great Increase, v. 6, 7.
3. Sore Affliction, v. 8-14.

TIME.—This lesson includes a period of over one hundred years—from B.C. 1706, the date of the descent into Egypt, to B.C. 1600, the beginning of the bondage.

PLACE.—The land of Goshen, on the border between Egypt and the wilderness.

RULER.—A Pharaoh of a new dynasty.

EXPLANATIONS.—"Children of Israel"—The sons of the patriarch Jacob, called Israel after his wrestle with the angel (Gen. 32. 28). They came into Egypt from Canaan by invitation of Joseph (Gen. 45. 19). "His household"—Wives, children, and servants. "Out of the loins of Jacob"—Meaning the family

of Jacob. "Seventy souls"—This included Jacob himself in the number. "Died"—Joseph lived to the age of one hundred and ten years. "Multiplied"—All these words show a very rapid and great increase in number. "The land was filled"—Goshen, the portion of Egypt where they lived. Their number was in fulfilment of God's promises to Abraham and Jacob. "A new king"—He belonged to a new line or dynasty of kings. "More and mightier than we"—His fears made them larger than they really were. "Wisely"—What men call wisdom God often counts wickedness. "Get them up out of the land"—He did not like to lose them, because they might be of service. "Taskmasters"—Egyptian rulers, who required them to work for the king. "Treasure cities"—Either "fortified cities," or, as some think, "temple cities." "The more they multiplied"—Because God was on their side. "Grieved"—Angry and hateful. "Rigour"—Hard usage. "Brick"—Bricks made of clay and straw are largely used in Egypt. "In the field"—In digging canals and building public works. Their troubles led them to God by showing them that only God could help them.

HOME READINGS.

- M.* Israel in Egypt.—Exod. 1. 1-14.
Tu. A great nation.—Gen. 46. 1-7.
W. Increasing in numbers.—Gen. 47. 27-31.
Th. Oppressed without cause.—Isa. 52. 1-6.
F. Hardly treated.—Exod. 5. 13-19.
S. A cry of distress.—Psalm 142.
Su. The Spirit given.—Acts 2. 1-12.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. Ingratitude for great favours?
2. Fulfilment of God's promises?
3. Persecution of the Church of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the number of the Israelite family when they went down to Egypt? "Seventy persons."
2. How long did they remain there? "Until the time of Moses."
3. What happened to them as a people? "They increased abundantly."
4. Who became ruler over Egypt? "A king who knew not Joseph."
5. What was his treatment of the Israelites? "He made them slaves."
6. What is the Golden Text? "Our help," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's protecting providence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is faith, in general?

Faith, in general, is a conviction of the truth and reality of those things which God has revealed in the Bible.

A BOOK OF INDIAN STORIES.

WHY is it that "parents" so often frown on books that make their children's eyes bulge with delight? Take the usual "Indian story," for instance; what objections your father and mother find in those entrancing tales of scalps and trails and tomahawks! So we think we are doing a favour to everybody when we recommend a book of Indian stories and pictures that even the strictest parent couldn't have the heart to take away.

It is one thing to sit in a "flat" in Toronto and write of imaginary adventures on the plains and in "the Rockies," but it takes grit and goodness and grace to induce a man to go away up into the region west of Hudson's Bay to live with the half-starved Indians, and preach the Gospel to them. When a man who has done that comes home, and writes a book on it, everybody wants to read it. So, when Dr. Young, the missionary to the Crees of Canada, published his "By Canoe and Dog Train," a few years ago, thousands of copies were snapped up by eager readers. The same author has just written a second volume, "Stories from Indian Wigwams," which is published at the same moment in New York, Cincinnati, Toronto, and London. It has more pictures and more good stories than the first, and is the sort of a book to interest the whole household. It is a prime book for a Sunday-school library, too. It may be obtained of the publishers of this paper at \$1.25.

"An Indian family had a tame bear of which they were very fond. They lived in a birch-bark wigwam, and the bear had his share of the little home. He was very gentle, and the children played with him as they would with a very large dog. In these wigwams, the baby's principal resting-place is a little hammock that swings from the tent-poles. One day all the members of this family owning the tame bear were away, with the exception of the mother and

the baby. The supply of water being exhausted, the mother was obliged to go down to the river, which was not far away, for some. She left her babe in the hammock in the tent, and the bear sleeping near it on the ground. When she returned she found the bear sitting up on his hind legs and, using his forepaws as hands, gently rocking the child. The babe was smiling now, but the tears on its cheeks told that it had been crying. This seems to have excited the bear's sympathy, and to have prompted him to endeavor in the usual way to soothe and quiet the little one, and he had succeeded."

What Would You Think?

WHAT would you think if the birds and the flowers
 Should say that the dew and the sweet summer showers
 Were not what they wanted to bathe in and drink,
 They'd like something stronger;
 Now, what would you think?

And what would you think, some pleasant spring day,
 If the robin and wren and pretty blue jay,
 Should go reeling and falling because of strong drink
 (Just like men and boys),
 Now, what would you think?

And what would you think if you picked a bouquet,
 And found that the flowers acted just the same way?
 And all of them tipsy because of a drink?
 (How queer it would be!)
 But what would you think?

Well, if it is silly and foolish for them,
 Don't you think it is worse for the boys and the men
 Who lose both their bodies and souls, too,
 through drink:
 Now, what do you think?

If the heathen are never saved, it will be the fault of stingy, close-fisted church members, and not the fault of God. The angels have orders to throw every window in heaven wide open as soon as all the tithes have been brought into the storehouse; but there is no promise that a single blessing shall fall until this has been done.—*E. P. Brown.*

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